

SPECIAL REPORT

**THIS COULD HAPPEN
TO YOUR CITY!**

The
Northern

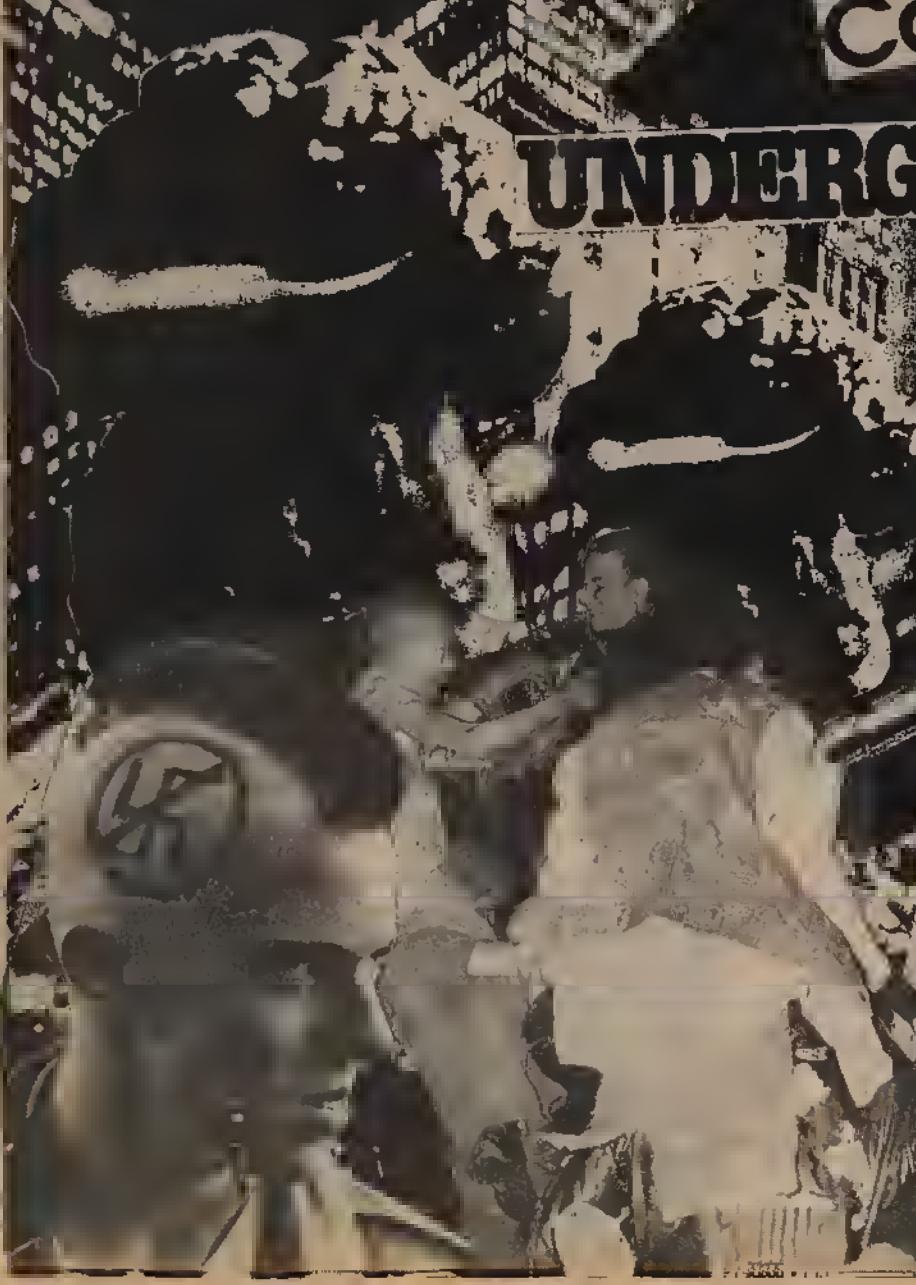
California

UNDERGROUND

Uprising

of '82

A BI-MONTHLY Edition

COL. 1 NO. 0
2 PUNKS 

Killed
1,104,814

Injured
568,393

East Side In Ruins,
1,690,000 Homeless

Journal American
Social Edition
We Retaliate:
Bombers Attack Enemy

10
Pounds
Fever
Westmeister
Big Ben

INTENSIFIED CHAOS



Intensified Chaos-

I don't care if society's right
I gotta' live my own life
Political lies, we don't need 'em
Ronald Reagan, that's not freedom

Intensified Chaos....

Mass murder/Blood so cold
Live that way and you'll never get old
join the army's sadistic thrills
join the army and learn to kill

Intensified Chaos.....

© 1981 all rights reserved Pure filth inc.
Recorded at xandor studios,Orinda,Ca.

Thanks to:Allisa,Kim,Timmy,Schmeck,pukie, and Oi! for insparation.
NO Thanks to:Fang(Ha Ha Ha),L.A. for slam dancing, and no thanks to
all the "new" punks in England who think they've
Invented Hardcore,you're just oblivious to anyone else
but yourselves you fucking snobs!

Additional Contributions-
Bill Collins:Guitar
Alison Baker:Intro Vocal(Age 4)



Be what you want to be.
Not what you're pressured to be.
Live your life by the day;
Don't plan for tomorrow.
IT MAY NEVER COME.

SOCIAL UnREST



Mark John Doug
Drums Vollick Norwood
Bass Bass Rhythm
Cheetin K-OS Danny
Vocal Guitar

THEIR MISTAKES

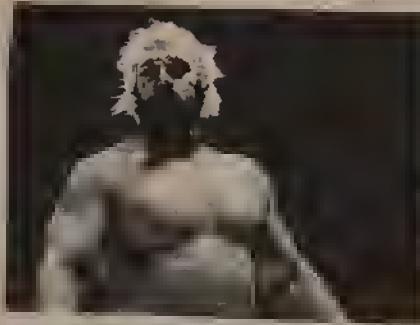
After John F. Kennedy things weren't what they were supposed to be. Richard Nixon could be blamed for being involved in a communist game. So don't blame me, it's not my fault. It's their mistake, they made it that way. Can't blame me for their mistakes, don't come to me on election day. Economy problems are their fault, it's up to them to make it hault.

They tried- white lies, but that just don't seem right. Their fault we live the way they wanted it.

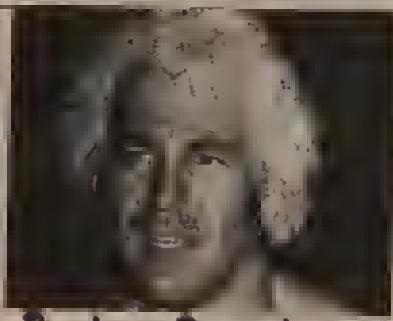
Words by K-OS and Norwood

Music by Logic

THE NAKED LADY WRESTLERS



MAX Volume
 "Rock music is for Racks.
 If these stupid fans knew
 anything about Music they
 wouldn't come whine and snivel
 to me all the time!"



Bruiser Brownhouse
 "Prepare to see all your
 little heros and Idols
 fall to the unremitting
 talent of the worlds
 best; Naked Lady
 Wrestlers!"



Dan With the Mello Hair
 You can Drive thru Rodeo
 And read a Magazine
 You can fly an Army Plane
 Wait for World War too

You can go where the Sun don't shine
 go right now, take your time

last to know and you don't care
 You're Man with the Yellow hair
 You can buy a Hamilton Beach
 order from the Magazine
 You can get credit thru me

keep your payments clean

they'll call me if you're slow
 laugh at them whenever you go
 Yes I know that you will care
 Your Dan with the Mello hair

In the Summer of 84

by the Little Bighorn River
 Bunch of bigshot Army guys
 couldn't get the Job done

You can go where the Sun don't

take a car - yours or mine

No more space but I don't care
 Your Dan with the Mello hair



Baron Von Rinehard
 "We're on our way to
 the Top-if we have to
 step on some Egos and
 hurt some feelings that's
 just fine with US!"



Buzzsaw Ironbill
 "What the heck is the
 D.M.P. afraid of anyway?
 they're trying to stack the
 decks against us. They
 can't hold us down for
 long. We're going to be
 looking mighty fine."

MAX

MUTUAL ASSURED DESTRUCTION

*No army can stop an idea whose time
has come.*
—Victor Hugo

ALL MUSIC BY STEVE

ALL LYRICS BY CLIFFORD

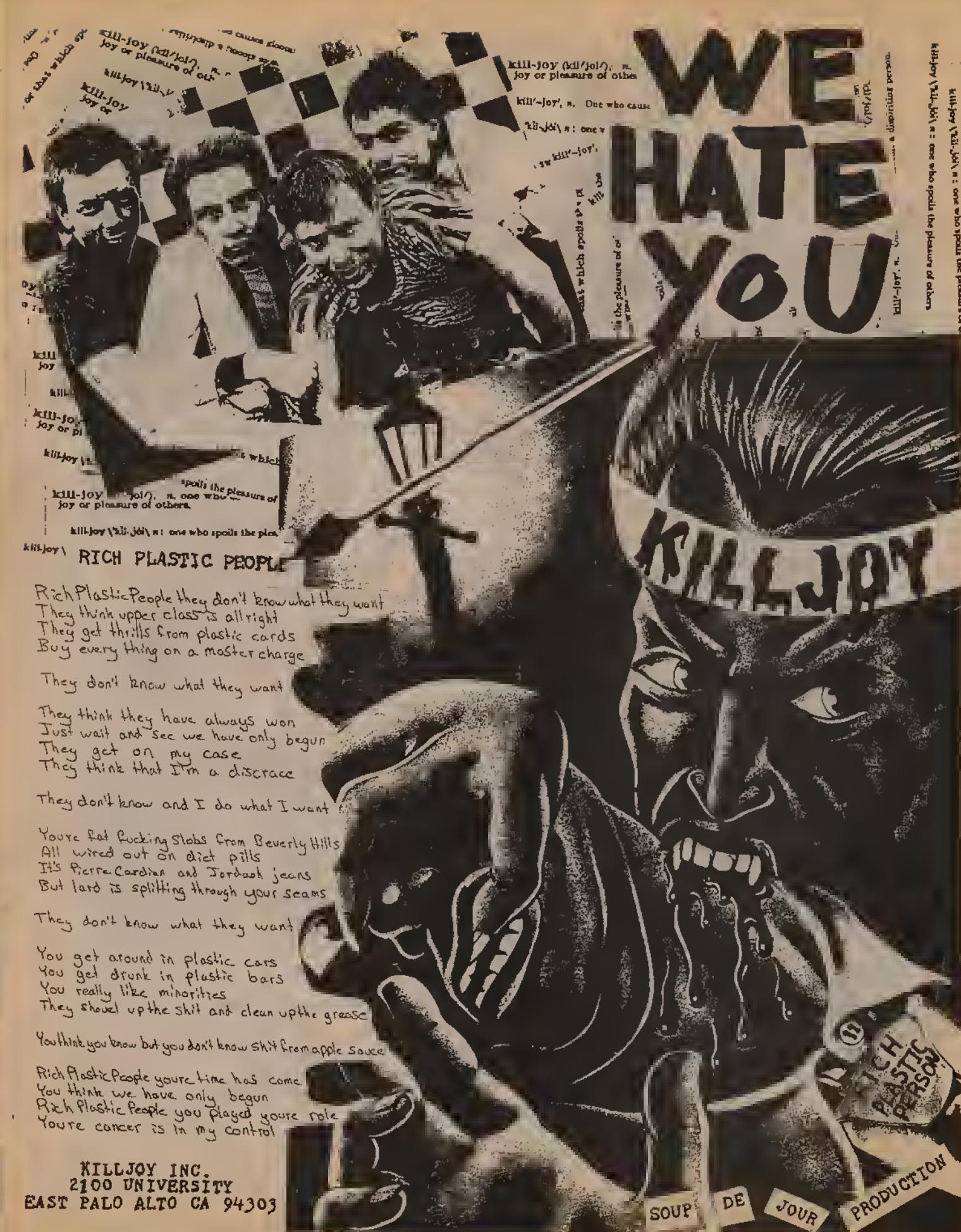
PRODUCED BY M.A.D. AND HENRY HAMBLE



MODERN TECHNOLOGY'S KILLING US ALL
OUR CIVILIZATION'S GONNA FALL
BLEAK FUTURE WAITS IN STORE
MAN-MADE NIGHTMARE NUCLEAR WAR
WE'RE CREATING A WAR WE KNOW
WE CAN'T SURVIVE MASS DEVASTATION
THE HUMAN RACE COMES TO AN END
SEEMS SO SICK WHAT LIES AHEAD
AN ENTIRE PLANET WILL SOON BE DEAD
HAD TO PROGRESS IT SEEMED SO GREAT
WE'RE CAUGHT IN OUR TRAP WITH NO ESCAPE

ARMS RACE GOES ON THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER
BRINGS UPON THE FINAL HOUR
NOBODY WINS A NUCLEAR WAR
WHAT THE FUCK ARE WE STRIVING FOR
WE'RE CREATING A WAR WE KNOW
WE CAN'T SURVIVE MASS DEVASTATION
THE HUMAN RACE COMES TO AN END

M.A.D. - STEVE - GUITAR
CLIFFORD - VOCALS
DAVE - BASS
BILL - DRUMS





T.M.S. RULES

FUN WITH ACID

I CAN HEAR
THE NOISE
I CAN SEE
THE LIGHTS
THE HELICOPTERS
ARE COMING
DOWN ON ME TONIGHT
I COULD GET ARRESTED
THEY'RE JUST OVER THE HILL
I CAN SEE THE LIGHTS
THE HELICOPTERS ARE COMING
DOWN ON ME TONIGHT

T. FLY
(GUITAR)

JOEL
FOXX
(DRUMS)

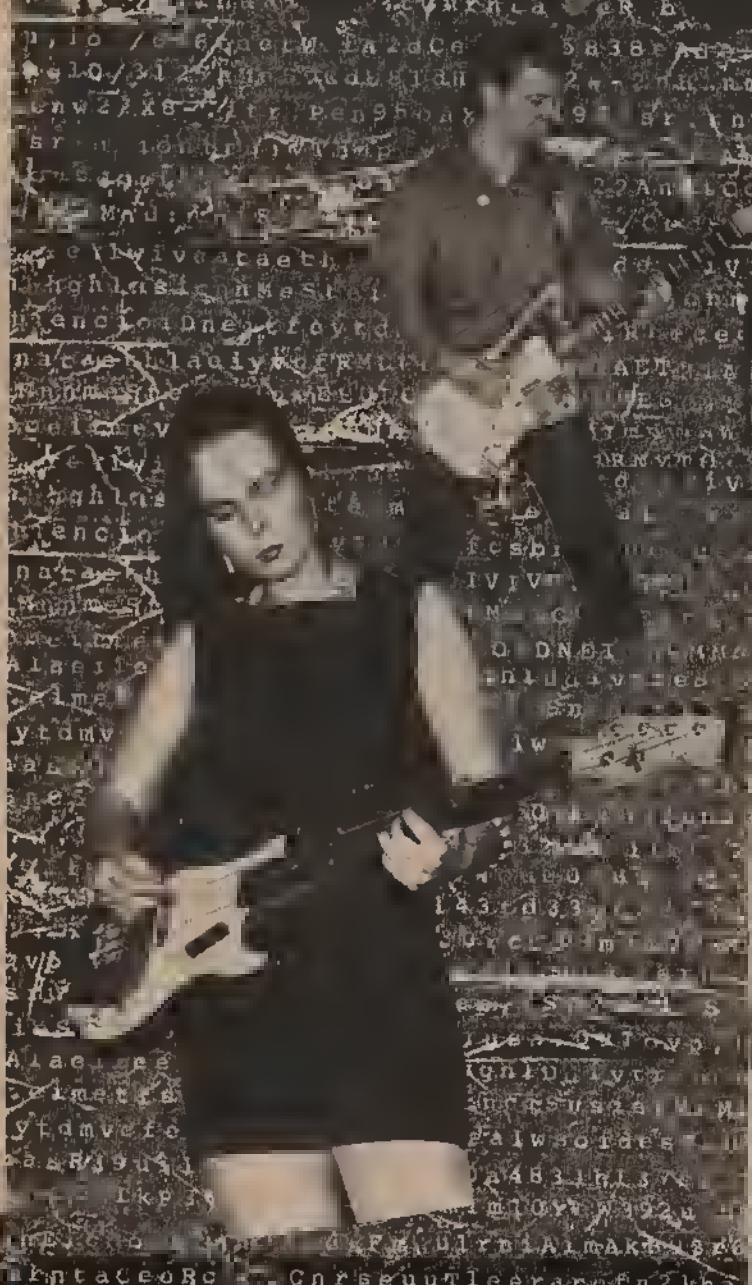
SLAM
(MOUTH)

C.W.
(BASE)

FOR A GOOD TIME
CALL FANG 415-841-9113

2140 BONER ST.
BERKELEY, CA.
94702

C A P I T O L P u n i s h m e n t



Capitol Punishment started playing hard fast thrash music in May '81. We want people to think about not being afraid to be different, fighting for their basic rights and doing something to change this rotten world we live in. The artless conservative cowboy lifestyle of america is ridiculously passe'. This isn't 1882, its 1982. The facist racial politics of the government power machine is regressing into the past and destroying our freedom. The consumer oriented business/advertising complex has created an attitude of over indulgence. If we die gorging ourselves they wouldn't give a shit. The big record companies along with their arena rock system promotes this laid back lethargy. They want to keep everyone in this lack of knowledge darkness so they can continue sucking dollars and life out of them. We are not going to escape to the land of non-reality and hope that someone else will do something about it. We are going to destroy this power pyramid and put an end to government and big business deciding our lifestyle and the music we listen to.

EL SALVADOR-let's go to el salvador be one of reagan's conquistadors advisors who carry m-16's join the duarte regime/ let's go out and have some fun get a gun and kill a nun we got those commies on the run c'mon haig let's get it done/ just a practice for the c.i.a. a comfortable place for them to play a chance to kill with the latest toy the people are the victims of a government ploy/ let's go to el salvador el salvador. 1107 stewart lotspeich fedrau

collapse

WANT TO...FREE YOUR....DEVICES
APPARANTLY WE'LL RELIVE THE PAST
LET'S ALL WATCH THE STOCK MARKET CRASH
SOUP LINES AT THE CLOSED DOWN BANKS
YOUR PLAN FAILED-DONT EXPECT THANKS
FIRST YOU CUT THE S.S.I.
CUT OUT AID FOR OUR G.I.'S
SPENT THE MONEY ON OUR DEFENCE
I TELL YOU NOW IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE
FIRST THERE'S A RECESSION
PROCEEDS THE DEPRESSION
LET'S ALL TAKE A TRIP BACK IN TIME
BACK TO GOOD OLD 1-9-2-9
REMEMBER YOU WERE STILL IN YOUR TEENS
AND WHEN IT HIT YOU FELT NOTHING
THE RICH GET RICHER
POOR GET POORER
ALL RESOURCES KEPT BY HARDERS

SECOND THOUGHT,
YOU THOUGHT AHEAD
BY ALL THIS TIME,
YOU'LL BE DEAD!



Downtown San Jose has unleashed Ribsy. Greg's 5-String Machine, Sharon's tit-piercing 75 bass Kats rolling drums in Jaded gowns rounded out by new comer Poo Poo's Sneering depth guitar create the unique Ribsy Sound. BY Recording "Collapse" between Vocalist's and dubbing the Vocals themselves, they displayed the versatility they're known 4.

Top L to R,
Sharon, KAT, Greg,
Kneeling, Poo Poo Rick



ANNIHILATION

annihilation is to one the means to the end
armageddon is to one the extremists end

annihilation! annihilation! annihilation!
self destruction! self destruction! self destruction!

streets are on fire!
streets in our wake!
death in

cars overturned!
bodies are raped!

you go on preaching religion as a political dogma
while you go on railing for and sanctioning vicious murders

annihilation! annihilation! annihilation!
raise destruction!
praise destruction! raise destruction!

streets are on fire!
death in our wake!

cars overturned!
bodies are raped!

annihilation is to one you knowz ways to the end
armageddon is to one the extremists eeeeennnn!

you go on playing with peoples lives using their minds
you want total control, stay in line!

armageddon, the judgement day!
annihilation, let them blow you away?

WRITTEN BY

BRYCE KANGERS + CRUCIFIX

MATT - BASS

JIMMY - GUITAR

CHRIS - DRUM

SOTHIRA - MOUTH

COOLS



Ask
all

CHORUS: I DON'T WANNA DIE FOR MY COUNTRY SAY HELL NOOOO
I DON'T WANNA DIE FOR MY COUNTRY SAY HELL NOOOO

VERSE : CAUSE I DON'T WANNA KILL SOMEONE I DON'T EVEN KNOW
AND I DON'T WANNA GET BLOWN UP AND LOOSE MY LEGS
HELL NO, HELL NO, NO, NO, NO, NO

Say
Hell no!

VOCALS - RAT'S ASS
GUITAR - PAT IMEL
BASS - BOOTS MAGNER
DRUMS - LOUIE

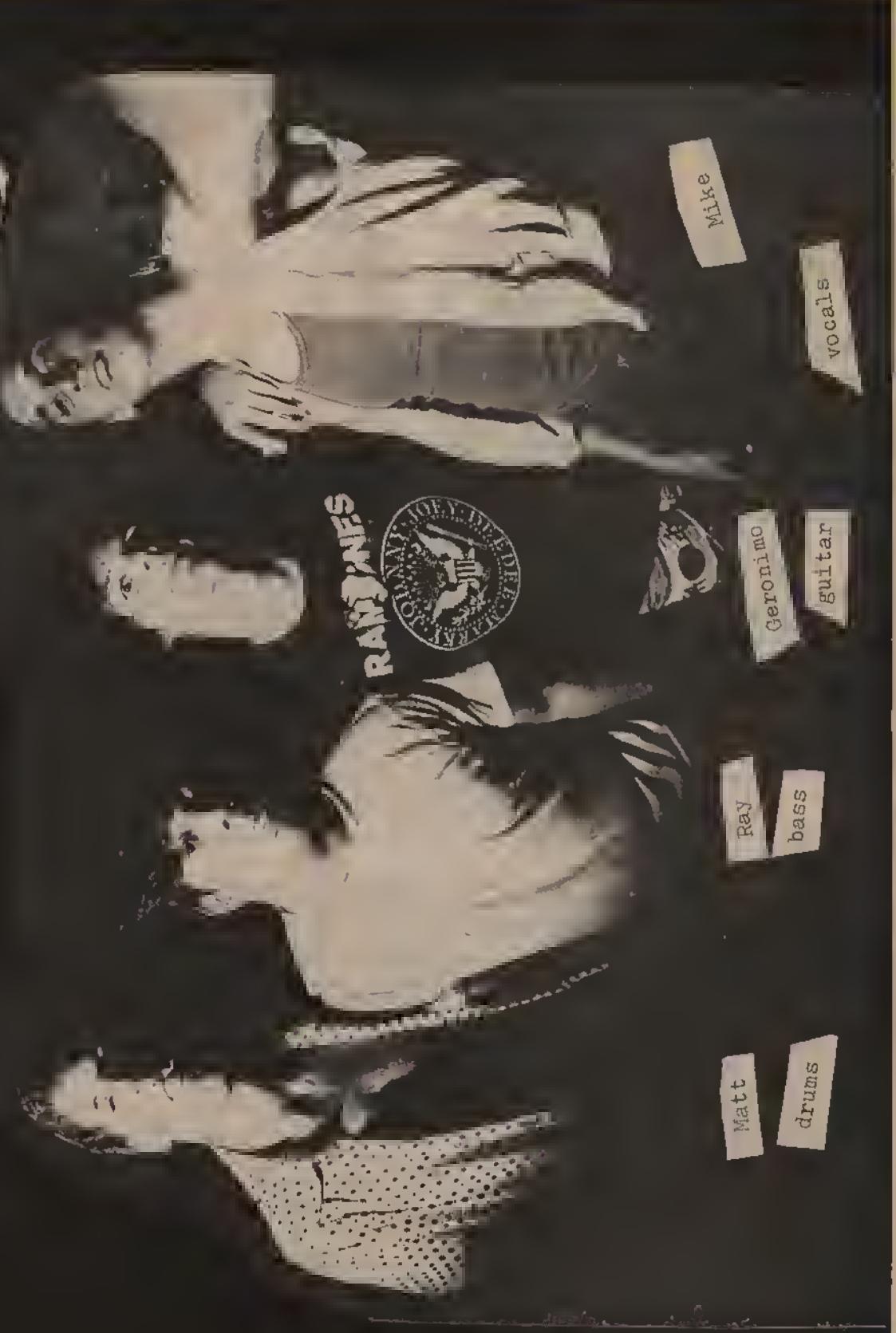
COPY WRITTEN BY SQUARE
COOLS

WRITTEN BY PAT IMEL, SAL,

FOR BOOKING INFO TALK TO
SPIKE OR CALL (916) 635-7624
AND ASK FOR RAT'S ASS



LOS OLVIDADOS



Mike
vocals

Geronimo
guitar

Ray
bass

Matt
drums

~~Code of Honor~~

What price would you pay?

How many more lives will be taken and crushed out?

How many more minds will be shattered -
destroyed by what they've been taught?

Can't you see what's all around you, all the times our
governments told you lies and yet you still follow -

Can't you see all they promote is lies - and if you want the
truth of freedom you must know what price you will pay.

And still, it all goes on around us, our government supplies
military aid to another, steps into civil wars, promotes racism,
supplies drugs to the youth of America to keep them happy,
and most of you just sit back and suck it all up.

Can't you see that this system is just a game?

They all know it, and they all still play it...

Smash it up This is no game - this is your life

The price you have to pay

It may hurt you more and more each day

but tomorrow the suffering will have gone

and those of us left must remain strong

Its a price - a price that just has to be payed, payed, payed

Everything that our society breeds -

Facism, Racism, Sexism... must end.

Vocals: John in Christ Guitar: Mike Fox Bass: Dave Chavez

Drums: Sal Paradise Music & Lyrics: Code of Honor © 1982



photos: Erich Mueller © 1982

SEEDS INFO: c/o Victor's Seeds, 2302 Patton Dr., Reno, NV. 89512 send S.A.S.E.

Produced by The Greaves and 7 Seconds
Engineered by Jon Bell
Recorded in Skeeno

We stand proud for youth, intelligence and constructive rebellion (not forgetting guts, originality and one's own sense of pride!) and believe that not fitting in with the crowd, not being like everyone else is one of the most important things to totally strive for within our movement.

where it's some place
going in the other. Fuck the Majority!!!
Anyway, there's nothing wrong with being a name, numbers suck and it's hard
enough getting by in this world with people and things like Ronald Reagan,
the K.K.K., Moral Majority, Police, Politicians, organized religion, "new wave",
racism, sexism, conservative hippiss(yes, sometimes that even includes dear
old mom and dad), trands, money, mindlessly violent "nazi punks", drugs (okay,
so Pepsi has drugs in it, call us hypocrites!), Heavy Metal (not always the
music, mainly just the mentality), jocks, preppies, rednecks, ignorants and
hicks and people on the side heads, my seabone,
SECTION 8 UKRAIN ASSAULT, THE WICKED, JON,
THE PC-B's, mortal disorder, siwon, 42, PAT MC
HAGAN AND ALL OF OUR FO ENDS WHO BELIEVED
IN US FROM THE BEGINNING AND REALLY GAVE A
FUCK WHEN WE NEEDED IT AND EVEN WHEN WE
DIDN'T) WELL BE HERE EFFIGIES !!!

Is this what you want to be when you grow up? - KANN SECONDS

USE YOUR HEAD, BE AWARE, GIVE A HUCK!

the UNAWARE



The Unaware 15:

Frank Lageda - guitar and vocals

Ivan Idea - bass and backing vocals

Joey Myers - drums

Patrick Belstar - vocals



Photos by Dave Bales
Frank's guitar courtesy of Junkpile
Long live "Forget It" magazine!
Hello to Skate Scene skatezine (wild hairs!)

"This Is Not Art" is available by sending \$7 (or \$1.50 and a blank cassette) to
the Committee for Artistic Purposelessness and Fun
P.O. Box 20921
San Jose, CA 95160

"This Is Not Art" was produced by Sam Swartz and The Unaware

~ RaceWar ~

Race War in the street tonight
Race War not just black against white
Race War it's gonna come to a head
Race War leave a lot of people dead

Tonight it's comin' down
The tension's too tight
It's gonna rip apart this town
The conflict on the bottom of the wall says more
Than you wanna believe
Sure change is slow but change is what we need
RIOT NOW!

This town's divided that's clear
The white's stay on one side
Everyone else is over there
How many Klansmen will it take to wake us up
RACE WAR STOP!

Look at L.A. and San Jose
Any city you can name
Big or little, will down the middle
We can't keep playing this same old game

Why I hatred the thing
That gives power to people
Who aren't even thinking
It's time to stop some attitudes
A step or two back
And realize there's no difference between
WHITE AND BLACK:

A change, that's all this country is
They talk about democracy
But they're run by big business
The Bill of Rights is a nothing
That has not been paid
And the check can only bounce if it remains
UNCHANGED
RACE WAR;

THIS IS 1982! So what's the matter with you? Don't you know what it takes to be cool? Don't you know that anyone with more than a half inch of hair on their head in its natural color is a demon of normalcy and should be obliterated (or at least sneered at)? Don't you know that dancing is a sport which should be done with extreme prejudice towards your friends and enemies alike? Don't you know that destroying your mind and body with chemical substances which the CIA has made available for your use is in?

If you think all of this is true then you're truly unaware. However, if you are unaware that this is true or are even so brash as to think that this is false then maybe you can appreciate what the Unaware are all about.

The Unaware has been together since June, 1981. Their six song e.p., "This Is Not Art" on Burning Urine Cassettes, came out in April, 1982. "This Is Not Art" was the first release by a San Jose punk band since Count Five did "Psychotic Reaction" more than 15 years ago. Though ostracized by the Silicon Valley drug and fashion elite, the group perseveres.



- THE FRIGIDETTES -

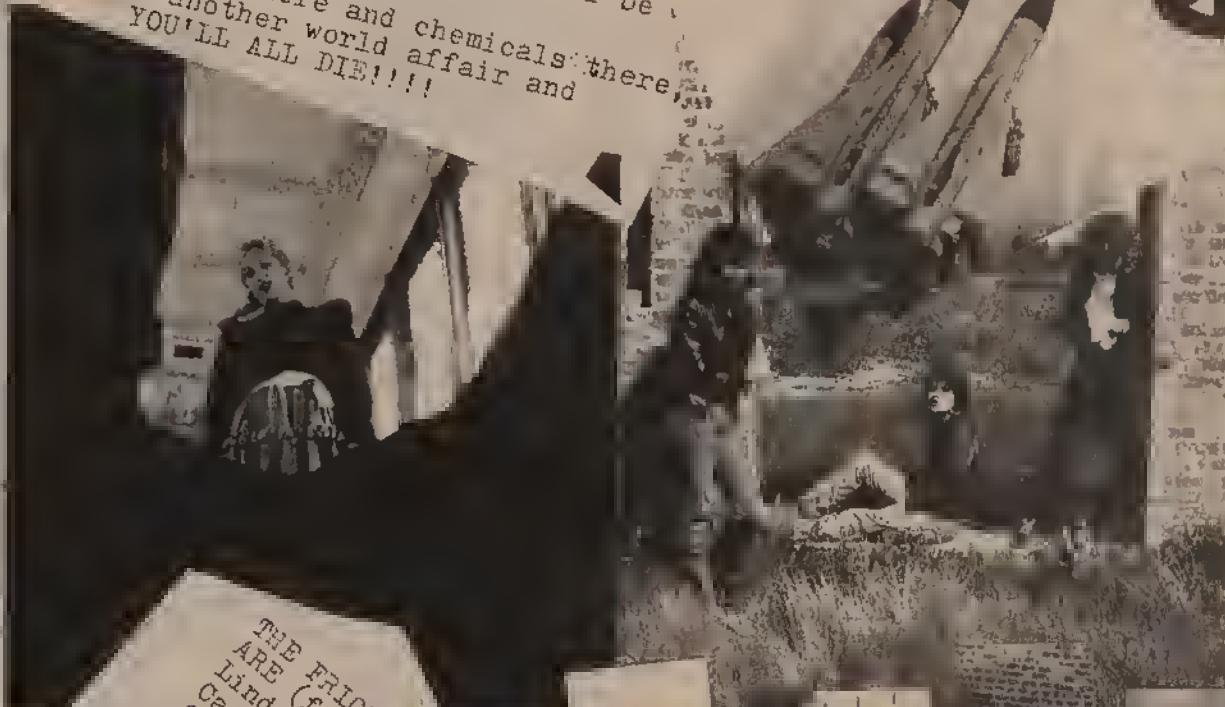
THE WORLD IS IN TURMOIL CAN YOU HEAR THE PEOPLE CRY?
THE COST OF LIVING'S RISING AND IT'S TOO YOUNG TO DIE!!

Never mind the government, don't listen
to what they say,
cause if you do a war is what they'll

put you in today-
And you'll be in a training camp with the
other boys (and lots of new toys!)

And then you'll learn to shoot a gun and
drop a bomb and KILL and KILL and KILL!!!

And you and the other G.I.Joes will be,
marching off to war-
With nukes over here and chemicals there,
it will be another world affair and
YOU'LL ALL DIE!!!!



THE FRIGIDETTES (from left to right):
ARE (from left to right):
Linda Abrahamian - bass
Linda Pilobos - drums
Cathy Diaz - guitar
Gina Arnold - vocals
They are a political band from Fresno, California. They've been
in existence for six months now. Their goal is to express world
situations, and how it affects
their individuals.

(JUST ANOTHER
POLITICAL GARAGE BAND)





DONT CONFORM

YOU CANT TELL ME WHAT TO DO
YOU CANT TELL ME HOW TO DRESS
YOU CANT TELL ME HOW TO ACT
CUZ I AINT LIKE THE REST

CHORUS
I DONT CONFORM
I WONT CONFORM
I DONT CONFORM
AND I NEVER WILL

YOU CANT MAKE ME GET A JOB
YOU CANT MAKE ME GO TO SCHOOL
YOU WONT CHANGE ME
CUZ I'M NO GULLIBLE FOOL

F
C
S.F.

CHORUS
DONT TELL ME ABOUT YOUR LAWS
DONT TELL ME ABOUT YOUR RULES
DONT TELL ME ANY OF THAT SHIT
CUZ I'M NO IGNORANT FOOL

CHORUS
DONT WASTE YOUR TIME
TRYIN TO CHANGE ME
CUZ I'LL NEVER CONFORM
CANT YOU SEE

CHORUS
MUSIC BY PETE
LYRKS BY MIKE

RECORDED AND MIXED BY TOM

OLIPPA
S.F., CALIFORNIA

415-567-6914

FOR BOOKING OR INFO: (415) 567-6914
OR SEND WHATEVER TO GARY S. VAN NESS

MAHOGANY

RECORDED AND MIXED BY TOM

ACU XIII

Ghost Dance



Shrunken Heads

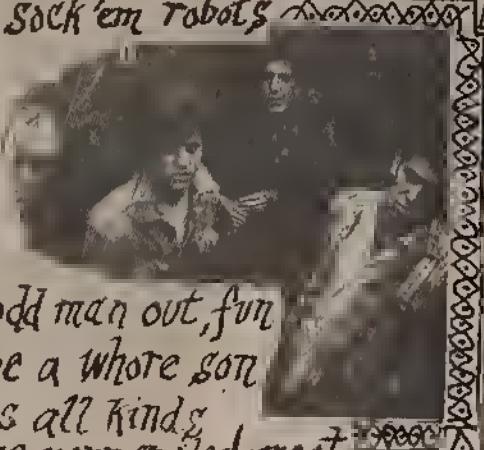
Surfs up, here come the marines, looking for the enemy
Hollywood's true sons of liberty, rally round the flag groovy
Rich, poor proletariat, aging Bolsheviks love it love it
Blond haired, blue eyed, building blocks, rock'em sock'em robots
Shrunken Heads - aint got no rhythm
Shrunken Heads - dime store pagans
Shrunken Heads - worship false gods
Shrunken Heads - it's a fulltime job

Beat me daddy eight to one, the boys wanna play odd man out, fun
And the girls, well every debutante wants to be a whore son
And this is America, land of opportunity, it takes all kinds
So give me your poor, give me your weak, give me your spoiled meat

One big happy family, a happening community, they love to talk
But dont you rock the boat, or the knee jerk mafia will cut you off
Facist, racist, they'll scream rape, and you'll never get another date
Start the revolution without me, I really dont like the company



STIGMATA APPEARS - FAITH DOES MATTER



VOX-STEVE
GUITAR-ERIC
DRUMS-BRUCE
BASS-BEN

In Sacramento, Calif., Frank Karnes, 39, was fined \$65 after he shot his power lawn mower because it refused to start. "I got angry," he said.

DEAD KENNEDYS

THINGS TO DO TODAY

Day _____ Date _____

- 1 masturbate
- 2 get drunk
- 3 smoke cigarettes
- 4 cry

DAILY NEWS

ACTRESS SHOOTS ANDY WARHOL

Cries He Controlled My Life

San Diego, Calif. — The father of comic playboy Dennis

Actor Dennis Saylor has married a 27-year-old woman who was his daughter's ex-boyfriend. The couple got married Saturday.

Violence. It's cutting up the American Dream

Novels, movies, TV and covetous
newspaper editorials fantasize
about violence. From rock groups
like Sex Pistols to gangland and brutality,
violence is everywhere. Tom Robbins (a
bloomingdale maniac) is shooting by
his beautiful broken neck (and
10 broken men living in his egg) and
giving altered dreams (rock). As
both for Americans the AIDS TERRORIST
is a devastating attack.

Nighttime look of the people events
and places of the late '70s: a new sub-
culture caught up by the terrorist fantasy.

TERORIST CHIC

ance in the Seventies

by Michael Seizer

HAWTHORN BOOKS

YOU TOUCH US AND
I'LL CUT YOU, DADDY!
WE WISH YOU'D DIED INSTEAD
OF MOMMY!

I HATE SISTER
TALK KILLS ME
TILL THEY GET UP

AS IT HAPPENS
THAT'S READY
FOR A RING
IN MY NOSE!

ACHILD AND HIS LAWNMOWER

words
of
muzak
Biafra

Some clown in Sacramento was damaged into court
He shot his lawnmower
It was okayed it wouldn't start
Might makes right, it's the American way
They fined him \$65 and sent him on his way
You know, some people don't take no shit
Maybe if they did they'd have half a brain left
©1982 Decay Music (BMI)

PELIGRO

WANTED Electric meat
grinder to grind up
rabbit heads.
213 444-1312

BIAFRA

2008

KLAUS

"I was surprised when I am a 28
cather revolver as a Hanukkah
present Then I realized that someday I
might need to use it."

"It didn't make me nervous. I was
excited and interested in it. I wanted to
know all about how to handle it. I'm
looking forward to shooting it at the
range. There are times like this when
I feel a gun makes me more
secure."

IM THE BOSS

In this parking lot
Cars were damaged on a Houston
street. A railroad track
recently laid by a
plant supervisor
recently fired employee, turned a bulldozer to
a bulldozer loose

ALL I KNOW

AND THE DAYS KEEP GOING BY
AND I REALIZE THAT I
SAY LESS AND LESS THE MORE I TRY
LESS AND LESS THE MORE I TRY

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I SEE
PEOPLE DON'T CARE
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I HEAR
THERE'S TOO MUCH HATE
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I FEEL
THERE'S NOT ENOUGH LOVE
ALL I KNOW IS I KNOW WAY TOO MUCH

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I SEE
PEOPLE WON'T SHARE
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I HEAR
THERE'S TOO MUCH GREED
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I FEEL
THERE'S NO HONESTY
ALL I KNOW IS I KNOW WAY TOO MUCH

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I SEE
EVERYBODY'S ANGRY
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I HEAR
MONEY MONEY MONEY
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I FEEL
THE SUFFERING WON'T STOP
ALL I KNOW IS I KNOW WAY TOO MUCH

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I SEE
THERE'S GONNA' BE A WAR!
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I HEAR
THERE'S NOT ENOUGH TRUTH
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I FEEL
THERE'S NO COMPASSION
ALL I KNOW IS I KNOW WAY TOO MUCH
I KNOW WAY TOO MUCH
I KNOW WAY TOO MUCH.

REBEL TRUTH

Practice makes perfect



Box 22243 Sacramento, CA 95822

Junior Gunslinger



produced by Kevin Army
recorded at Bay Sound Reproduction

engineered by
Glen Oey

COME A NATCH'L
LIGHT, MAC!

words and music
T.C., R.L.

© copyright 1982

Tony Cox - vocals
Greg Travers - drums
Mike Smith - guitar
Ray Lujan - bass, vocals

INFORMATION, BOOKING
(415) 228-3117



Poster by Tony Cox

RE WE BURG BU E



ט'ז

Well, Reagan's got a lot of faults. He's a rightist pig but that's not all. He's got some habits he won't discuss. He picks his burgers and chews them up. Everyone knows he's doing it, doing it, doing it. He's picking his nose and chewing it. Everyone knows he's doing it, doing it, doing it. He's picking his ass and chewing it. Ronalle sniffs and snarls a lot. After he's been sitting on the pot. The stench inside can't be contained. It contaminates the world in America's name. Everyone knows he's doing it, doing it, doing it. He's picking his ass and chewing it. Everyone knows he's doing it, doing it, doing it. He's picking his nose and chewing it. We know why Nancy spent so much time to give the White House her personal touch. She had to match the green and brown.

"They're bigger than God," one fan gushed

Music by Chia
Lyrics by J. Bale
Produced by Tom Mallan

“Jumpin’ Jeff Bale--Vocals
(ex-WAR ZONE, CHOCOLATE TELEPHONE POLES)

Mahavishnu Karmin Chia--Guitar
(PERV, ex-FRIED ABORTIONS)

Metal Mike--Drums
(ex-ROCKIN’ BLEWZ, VOM, JOHNNY REB BAND,
ANGRY SAMOANS, FRIED ABORTIONS)

Dino Washington--Slide Guitar
(TAFTS, MURPHY-ST., PAUL)



LENNONBURGER "They're bigger jammin' at Altamont than God," one fan gushes.

(IMPATIENT) YOUTH



PRAISE THE LORD AND
PASS THE AMMUNITION

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION
PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION
PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION
GOD IS ON OUR SIDE

BATTLING OVER THE BOOK SLAUGHTERING OVER THE PSALMS
ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIER WITH YOUR SWORD AND CROSS
PUTTING THE FEAR OF GOD INTO HEATHEN FLESH

THE BLOOD EASILY WASHED OFF OF THE CHRISTIAN HAND
CLEANSED IN THE RIVER OF LIES PROMISE OF SALVATION
FROM THE MOUTH OF MADMEN'S INTERPRETATIONS
DON'T FORGET THE GOLDEN RULE
THE MAN WITH THE GOLD IS MAKING THE RULES

BILLY MARTIN
MARK ANDERSON
CHRISTOPHER FORD



This is your best role yet!

DEMENTED

Youth

(crowd noise) Mr. President | (gun shots)

Ronald Reagan you make me sick
Ronald Reagan you're a fucking dick
Reagan's a fascist and he can't deny
he's a fucking fascist and I hope he dies

CHORUS:

Assassination attempt, this time we missed
Don't worry Reagan you're still on the list
Ronald Reagan you lied to us
We're gonna run you over with a Greyhound bus

Reagan's eating acid jelly beans
he's tripping out on the political scene
Ronnie does whatever mommy says
She runs the country but she won't give him head

All the assholes who voted for you were given the shaft
Kill for democracy, your stuck with the draft
Fuck you Reagan we don't need your type
Fuck you Reagan we don't think you're right

Ronald Reagan you son of a bitch
Ronald Reagan you favor the rich
Ronald Reagan you better wake up
Better watch out or well fuck you up



Hinkley's
Innocent

ASSASSINATION
ATTEMPT

who
DIED
and
made you
President?

(MURKIN CRASH)



TONY - bass

EL SALVADOR,
VIETNAM take two!!



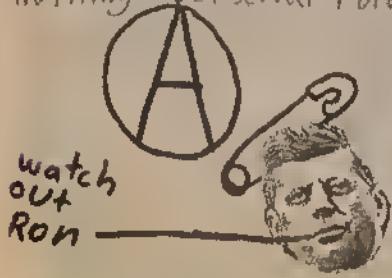
FALALI
Mayor

Thanks Tim



BEFORE AFTER

NOTHING personal ron.



LAND
OF THE
JEFF FREE
THRUSTER



KKK. FUCK OFF

Guitar - RONI RAGE
Photos by: AL HAIG

Demented Youth are youths which are given no reason,
ie...: "Pledge allegiance", "Die - its your duty", "DO what we SAY".

D.Y.
P

MILLIONS OF DEAD COPS



Blue by Day/White by Night is a reality. The Klan and the police have always been united in their function, and now they are becoming increasingly united in their memberships. Their unity has been exposed by the forces who have had the most experience fighting them. When the United League of Mississippi marched against the Klan on November 25, 1978, Mississippi policemen in Klan robes appeared on national television. It was also revealed that applications for the Klan are distributed at police headquarters in Tupelo, Mississippi. In Jackson, Mississippi, Meriden, Connecticut, and Nashville, Tennessee, the Klan has demonstrated to support killer cops who have murdered Black people. And all across the country, the police protect the Klan. Police forces are a primary recruiting ground for the Klan. Cops are filling the ranks of the Klan and other white supremacist organizations and are becoming more and more open about it. In Bowling Green, Kentucky, for example, the public relations man for the police has been seen distributing Klan literature in his police uniform. In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Klansmen on the police force wear white supremacy medallions. In Texas, the Klan brags about its members on the Houston, Galveston, and Fort Worth police forces.

Jackson, Mississippi policeman Gary King shot Dorothy Brown, a pregnant Black woman to death. The Klan demonstrated in support of the police. August 26, 1980.

Philadelphia killer cop John "Rabid Dog" Ziegler, 34, handcuffed, pistol-whipped, then shot William Green, a seventeen-year-old Black youth, for a trivalic violation in Philadelphia. August 26, 1980.

Brooklyn killer cops beat Luis Baez and shot him 21 times, claiming that he was going to stab them with a pair of children's scissors. August 22, 1979.

Houston pigs Joseph Janish, Steven Orlando, Terry Dennis, Carliss Elliot, Glen Brinkmeyer, and Lewis Kinney beat Jose Campos Torres, handcuffed his hands and feet, and threw him into Buffalo Bayou.

Los Angeles pigs Edward M. Hopson and Lloyd W. O'Callaghan shot Eula Love eight times in her own yard after she refused to let a gas service man turn off her gas because of a \$22.09 delinquent bill. January 3, 1979.

The police are killers. The murders that they commit are systematic. Not one killer cop has ever been convicted of murder and most are not even indicted.

THE ONLY GOOD COP

Dead Cops (chorus)

Down on the street
Giving poor the heat
With their clubs and guns
Doing it for fun
(chorus)

Big, bad and blue
They're in the Klan too
Brutality is their sport
Let's put them to the torch
(chorus)

Whatcha gonna do
When the Mafia in blue
Come huntin for queers,
Niggers and you
(chorus)

Time for a switch
Army of the rich
Macho fuckin slaves
We'll piss on your graves
(chorus)

MDC
EX-TEX. \$+⊗+NS



CHRIS - VOCALS

ERIC - BASS

JAKE - DRUMS

GLENN - GUITAR

SIGNED UP FOR 2 YEARS
KILLING FOR YOUR COUNTRY
NEVER ASK THEM QUESTIONS
JUST GO OUT AND DO IT

YOU'RE THE FEW,
YOU'RE THE PROUD,
YOU'RE DEAD.

STARTED OUT AS PRIVATE
BUT YOU STAYED A LOT OF RUGGIES
NOW YOU'RE A GENERAL
KILLING MAKES YOU HAPPY

YOU'RE THE FEW,
YOU'RE THE PROUD,
YOU'RE DEAD.

YOU LED YOUR TROOPS
INTO AN AMBUSH
THEY CALLED IT A MASSACRE
YOU DIED A BIG HERO
YOU'RE THE FEW,
YOU'RE THE PROUD,
YOU'RE DEAD.

See Francisco



DOMINO THEORY

SCARE

BONES OF TREASURE, FLESH TO DUST
DAMAGE IS DONE AND HERE'S A BODY.
ALL I SEE AROUND IS WASTE AND RUST
PROVES WHAT I'D KNOWN, DIDN'T NEED THE SOLDIER

THE SCARE OF BURNING EYES
MODEL YOUR BLOWING HIDE
CHRIS GUITAR RADIOS BLARING SIREN NOISE
SOUNDS LIKE MUSIC AND A WARNING
LOOK IN THE WINDOW, BROKEN GLASS
LET HEADLINE READ 'RADAR SHONING'

THE SCARE OF BURNING EYES
MODEL YOUR BLOWING HIDE
RICHMAN, POORMAN, COOLS AND CREEPS
ALL OVER, EVERYONE LOST THEIR GLORY
THE DEAD ARE HAPPY THEY WENT FAST
BUT I HURT SLOW AND SLOW I'M GOING.

THE SCARE OF BURNING EYES
MODEL YOUR BLOWING HIDE

©1982 INSIDE

KURT
(BUTTS)

DON'T RUN, DON'T GIVE IN TO ANYONE
YOU'VE GOT A MIND DON'T GIVE IT AWAY BLIND



AMO
BASS
VOCALS
G
Chevron
PREVENTION
TREATMENT
RESEARCH



NAZI BITCH AND THE JEWS

TM DAVIS

DEAD PORKER

WHAT AM I WHEN I BUST UP PARTYS
WHO AM I CAUSE I DON'T LIKE DRUGS
I HAVE NO CARE FOR HUMANITY
I TREAT ALL MY PEOPLE LIKE SLUGS

I GOT A BADGE, I GOT A GUN
I GOT A CAR WITH RED LIGHTS
I ROAM AROUND ON NIGHT PATROL
I GET IN STREET FIGHTS

DEAD PORKER-DEAD PORKER
THATS WHAT I'M GONNA BE
DEAD PORKER-DEAD PIGGY
DIE IN A BLOODY SCENE

FADE OUT:HELP ME,SAVE ME,OH PLEASE DON'T HURT ME.I'LL CHANGE,YOU'LL SEE
I PROMISE,I SWEAR,CAUSE I DON'T WANNA BE A DEAD PORKER-NO,NO,NO

"DEAD PORKER" WORDS BY/STAN FAIRRINGTON-MUSIC BY/STEVE BRADSHAW&RICK RENEU
PRODUCED BY BRIAN CORLEY-RECORDED AT SUB-BASEMENT STUDIOS

MY CALL TO

THE BAND

ANNELLE ZINGARELLI---THE VOCALS
STEVE BRADSHAW---GUITAR
STAN FAIRRINGTON---BASS, VOCALS
JUNE BEARD---DRUMS

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

THE SUBTRATIONS, RICK R, \$JAMES\$, DOUG, KEVIN V.D.
X-RAY DOG, AND OUR FRIENDS WHO HAVE BEEN WITH US
SINCE MAY, 31, 1980, THEY KNOW WHO THEY ARE.....

PEN.B.J. IS NAZI BITCH AND THE JEWS.WE'RE NOT RACISTS,WE'RE NOT FACISTS,
WE'RE REALISTS.WHEN WAR BREAKS OUT, IT'S GOING TO BE US, THE YOUTH OF
TODAY THAT HAVE TO GO, NOT THE PEOPLE UP ON CAPITOL HILL.WE WANT PEOPLE
TO REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED ONCE, SO THEY'RE PREPARED IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN.
THAT'S WHY THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS STILL STAND IN DACHAU, SO PEOPLE WILL
NEVER FORGET THAT TRAGEDY IN 1942. IT'S 1982 AND PEOPLE HAVE TO THINK FOR
THEMSELVES, NOT BE WILLING TO BE LED BY ANY ONE VOICE.LIVING IN A COUNTRY
THAT HAS A PRESIDENT WHO USED TO STAR IN MOVIES WITH A MONKEY CAN'T
REALLY BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.WE NEED TO LOOK AT LIFE AND STAND FOR OURSELVES,
LEARN HOW TO LAUGH AT SOCIETY, OTHERWISE WE'RE GOING TO DIE BEING AFRAID
OF IT.BESIDES FRESNO'S DEAD AND WE HAD TO DO SOMETHING TO HAVE FUN!!!!

the president
Senate," he
tance to the
at became
president's

which he said
negotiations
resident had
"was more
his remarks
day morning
that Reagan's
talks had
ats that they
ing."

spokesman
on Reagan's
negotiations.
Democrats
that Reagan
deadlock that
ould exploit

anty feel that
eau has far
house of
ber."

ish this were
terrible to be
ganization,"

a 'C' his
e) ew
b copyright
d * all
s i lir
h val
- act of

DARKKNIGHT MUSIC*1980

TG

Don't let this happen in Our City

THIS IS

The NIGHTMARE you can't escape ALIVE!

Instinct pulls your foot away . . . You look down, and you see . . .

What is the worst act a woman can be forced to commit... again and again...

WHERE THERE'S SENSE

THE LIFE HORROR

and, since the group lacks both quality and general appeal, we are not willing to risk engaging a group with their reputation, especially since

"Whipping Boy" is not of high quality and that the group has limited appeal. These, however, are

Finally, there is a modicum of courtesy, respect and professional behavior necessary for the running of any organization like STARTS.

"Whipping Boy" fell short on all

unwillingness to take what he defines as a "risk" on a punk band. It seems that Garwood expects hordes of crazed, spike-haired and bechained maniacs to come out of the wood-works with rocks.

knowledge is power

on the grounds (ex-
tremely subjective, I'd say) that their

name is vulgar and depressing.

THIS ISSUE:

EVERYBODY DIES!

TO WAR WE GO LETS REAP WHAT YOU SOW
DEATH CAMPS AND BURNING BODIES
DEATH CAIRNS AND BURNING BODIES
ON THE EVENING NEWS

WORKER BEE

(J. POPE) :55

WE DONT CARE THAT WE WORK ALL DAY
GETTING PAID MINIMUM WAGE
WE DONT COMPLAIN AND WE MAKE NO FUSS
OUR BOSS IS SO MUCH SMARTER THAN US
WE ARE BEES IN A COLONY
WDRK, WDRK, WORK
'TIL WE ARE FREE

WDRK WILL SET YOU FREE
WDRK WILL SET YOU FREE
WDRK WILL SET YOU FREE
WDRK WILL SET YOU FREE

IT REALLY ISN'T QUITE THAT BAD
SHOES ON MY FEET AND A SHIRT ON MY BACK
I LIVE ALONE IN ONE WHOLE ROOM
MIGHT EVEN BUY SOME FURNITURE SOON
IT'S ALL THE COMPANY
THEY CARE ABOUT YOU
CARE ABOUT YOU AND ME

WORK WILL SET YOU FREE
WDRK WILL SET YOU FREE
WDRK WILL SET YOU FREE
WDRK WILL SET YOU FREE

©℗ 1982 MOBILE MODULAR MUSIC
PRODUCED BY: KLAUS, TOM AND ANG ST
BAND INFO: 10 J. POPE 3855 18TH ST. S.F., CA 94114 APRIL 1982

ANGST



PHOTO: ROYE



JON E. RISK
GUITAR VOCALS

JOSEPH POPE
BASS VOCALS

MICHAEL HURSEY
DRUMS

FREE BEER

"THE ONLY BEER THAT MATTERS"

PREMATURE ENLISTMENT

THE FEW THE PROUD THE MENTALLY ILL
HERES A GUN KILL
YOU JOINED THE ARMY TO STRAIGHTEN OUT
YOUR LIFE
NOW THERE'S A WAR YOUR GONNA HAVE
TO FIGHT
COMMIES AND NAZIS FIGHTING EVERYWHERE
AND YOU DONT EVEN CARE
THE OTHER DAY OUT ON THE RIFLE RANGE
YOUR FRIEND BLEW OUT HIS BRAINS
BLOOD AND GUTS WAR YOUR JUST A YOUNG BOY
YOUR LUCKY IF YOU LIVE TO 24
AND THEY TOLD YOU JOINING WAS SUCH A DEAL
ITS YOUR LIFE THERE GONNA STEAL
CHORUS
ARE YOU READY TO WATCH YOUR FRIENDS GLOW
WHEN THE NUCULAR SWITCH IS THROWN
NUCLEAR FOREPLAY HAS LASTED SO LONG
CONSIDER YOURSELF GONE
ON THE BATTLEFIELD WONDERING WHY YOU SIGNED
AND LET THESE PEOPLE PLAY WITH YOUR MIND
AND THEY TOLD YOU JOINING WAS SUCH A DEAL
ITS YOUR LIFE THERE ABOUT TO STEAL.

FREE BEER
THE INGREDIENTS
DANNY-GUITAR
TONY-GUITAR
MIKIE-MIC
STEVIE-DRUMS
TOMMY-BASS

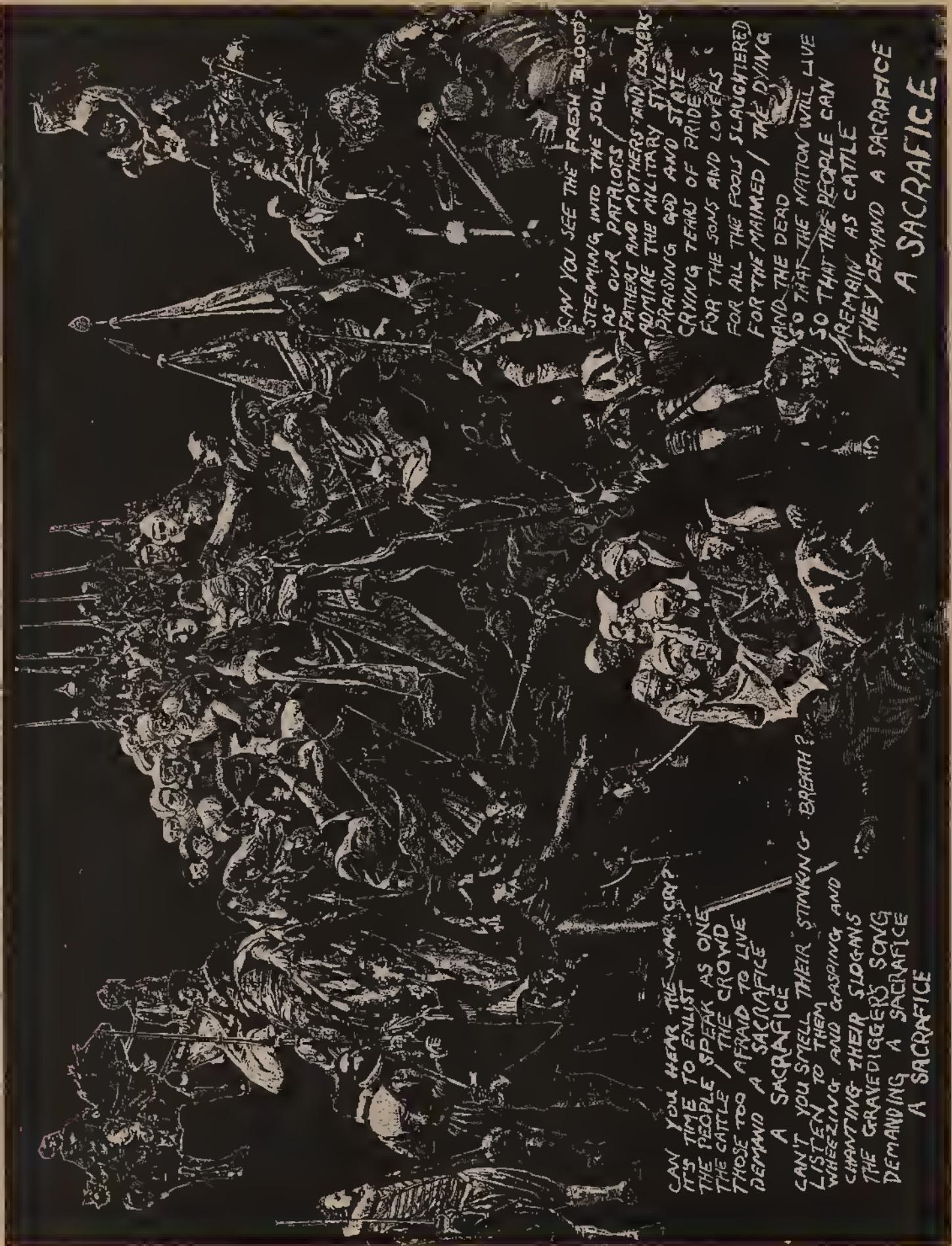
THE BAND WAS BREWED IN DEC. 81
IT CONCISTS OF 3/5 REVENGE 1/5
A.L.A 1/5 ALCOHOLIC. FREE BEERS
MAIN WORRIES ARE THE DRINKING
AGE, THE TECHNICOLOR YAWN, AND
THE RAISING OF BEER PRICES.
IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS WRITE
TO US AT: FREE BEER
1279 7th AVE.
S.F. CA. 94122



UNABLE TO MAKE BAND
PHOTO: TOMMY(hungover)

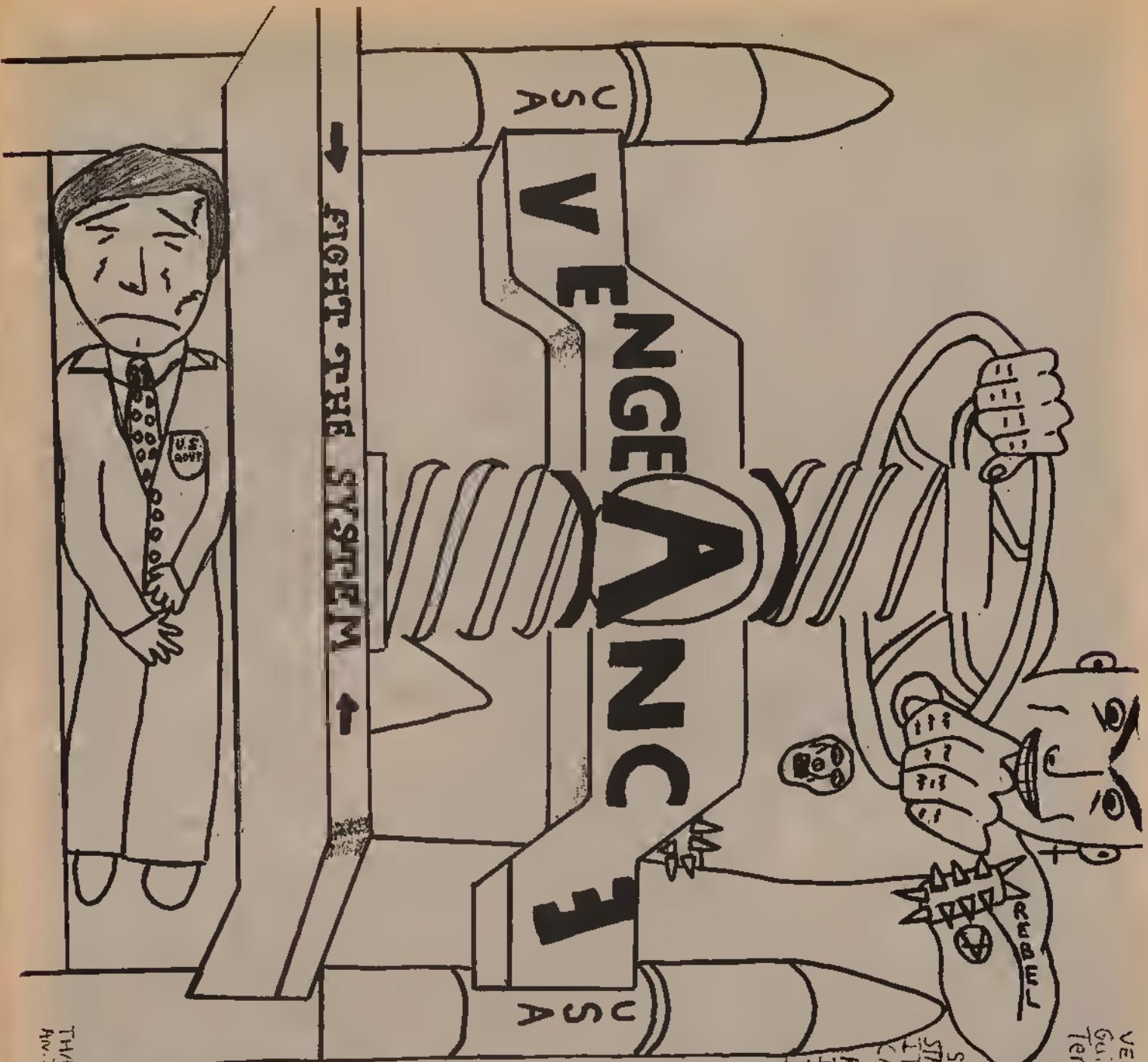
RECORDED AT TOM MILLON
STUDIOS SF.
PRODUCED BY T. MILLON & FREE BEER





CAN YOU HEAR THE WAR CRY?
IT'S TIME TO ENLIST
THE PEOPLE SPEAK AS ONE
THE CATTLE / THE CROWD
THOSE TOO AFRAID TO LIVE
DEMAND A SACRIFICE
A SACRIFICE
CAN'T YOU SMELL THEIR STINKING BREATH?
LISTEN TO THEM WHEEZING AND
CHANTING THEIR SLOGANS
THE GRAVEDIGGERS SONG
DEMANDING A SACRIFICE
A SACRIFICE

CAN YOU SEE THE FRESH BLOOD
STEAMING INTO THE SOIL
AS OUR PATRIOTS /
FATHERS AND MOTHERS AND CHILDERS
ADMIRE THE MILITARY STYLE
PRAISING GOD AND STATE
CRYING TEARS OF PRIDE
FOR THE SONS AND LOVERS
FOR ALL THE FOOLS SLAUGHTERED
FOR THE MAIMED / THE DYING
AND THE DEAD
SO THAT THE NATION WILL LIVE
SO THAT THE PEOPLE CAN
REMAIN AS CATTLE
THEY DEMAND A SACRIFICE
A SACRIFICE



VENGEANCE 15: JIMMY INVALID.
GUITARS AND BACKING VOX - 19.
Terry Marker - DRUM KIT - 18.
RUBB SUAVE - BASS - 17.

④ JX - VOCALS - 20
ADONEL LISTER - BY INVADING

ARRANGED BY VENGEANCE ⑤

STRANGE PERIOD, I KNEW what you mean
SITTING AROUND THINKING things to say
IT'S FUCKED CAUSE their here TO STAY
CAN'T KILL 'EM, KEEPIN' your record clean
NO ONE LISTENS TO A WORD I say
Read about everything you find around
IT SUCKS (HASC HECK FASTER YOU DONZ
The PRESIDENT should be gassed, NO BONCE
THIS LIFE OFOURS IS NOT FUN
NO ONE LISTENS TO A WORD I say
youth needs a chance to SPEAK
EVERYONE TAKIN' A FIRM STANCE
DO NOT BE STUPID, DON'T BE A JACK
DON'T GO AND BLOW IT, IT'S ONLY CHANCE
- NO ONE LISTENS NO ONE LISTENS
THINGS SHOULD BE DONE MY WAY
'COURSE IT'll NEVER HAPPEN
IT'll NEVER happen you little jerks!!
(repeat) ⑧2

THANK TO MIKE FOR PIC AND CRUDE
AND OUT OF IT, AND ALL THAT.

J U S T I C E

The particular incident the group was protest-
ing occurred in the early hours of Sunday morning
outside of the Sound of Music, a punk rock club on
Turk Street.
Police had been called to break up a gathering
of punk rockers outside the club, many of them
juveniles.

"All the time, man, all the time," said one. "The
cops is beating on the punks. We're tired of it,
man."

...AN YOU KNOW IT'LL PASS ANY STREET
T'RK CAUSE NOBODY IN THE WORLD IS
AS TERRIFIED-BY THE HOMOSEXUAL HALF
OF HIMSELF-AS A COP IS.



THANK: AL, THE ADC CURSING
SECTION(BACKUP VOCALS), KLAUS
FLOURIDE For Recording this SHIT,
Chris from the LEWIS for Practicing
with us (SORRY CHRIS), I GUANA,
AND TOM YOHANN, OH YEAH

'The cops is beating on the punks.

They told me
that if they saw me on the streets again they'd kill me

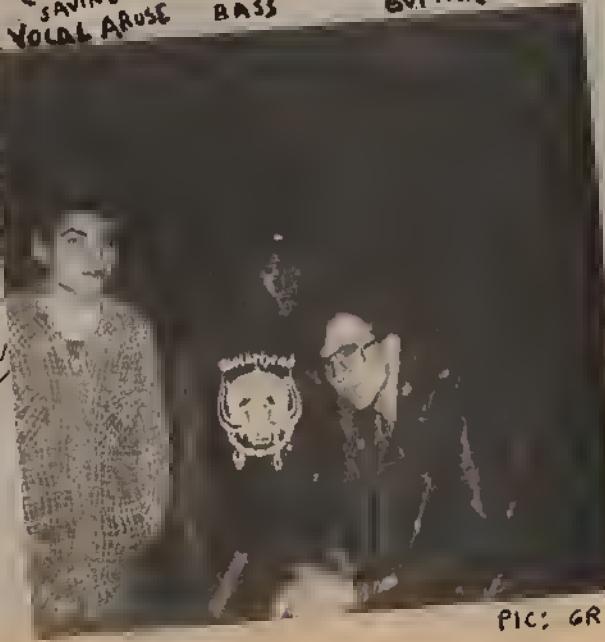
STANDING AROUND - HANGING OUT
SOME GETTING ROWDY - SOME GETTIN' DRUNK
HANIN' OUT - HAVIN' FUN - MINDIN' OUR
BUSINESS NOT HURTIN' NOONE

THE KOPZ ARE HERE, NOW WHAT DO WE
DO? WHO STARTED SHIT? NOT ME, NOT YOU
THEY'VE GOT OUR FRIEND, NOW WHAT DO
WE DO? THEY'RE GONNA BEAT HIM
BLACK AND BLUE!!

I FEEL HELPLESS, I FEEL LIKE A FOOL
WE YELL REAL LOUD, BUT WE BETTER
CALM DOWN:
'COZ ONE OF US JUST HIT THE GROUND!

S&M NIGHTMARE!!

K TODAY'S PIG
TOMORROW'S BACON
↓
CHRIS (VERMIN)
SAVINO
VOLAL ARUZE
RON CHARLES
BASS
JON (ST) VITUS
GUITAR



PIC: GRACE

WE FORCED AL FROM ADC TO PLAY DRUMZ

SECTION 8

Dim-vocals
Tom-drums
Louie-bass
Jim-guitar



Photos-Bev, Terry, Lynn & Hellen

Recorded by Jon Bell
Mixed by Clem Fisher

"FAT, DRUNK & STUPID"

Fat, drunk and stupid
Ain't no way to go through life
Fat, drunk and stupid
Ain't no way to go through life

It's my right! It's my right!
It's my right! It's my right!

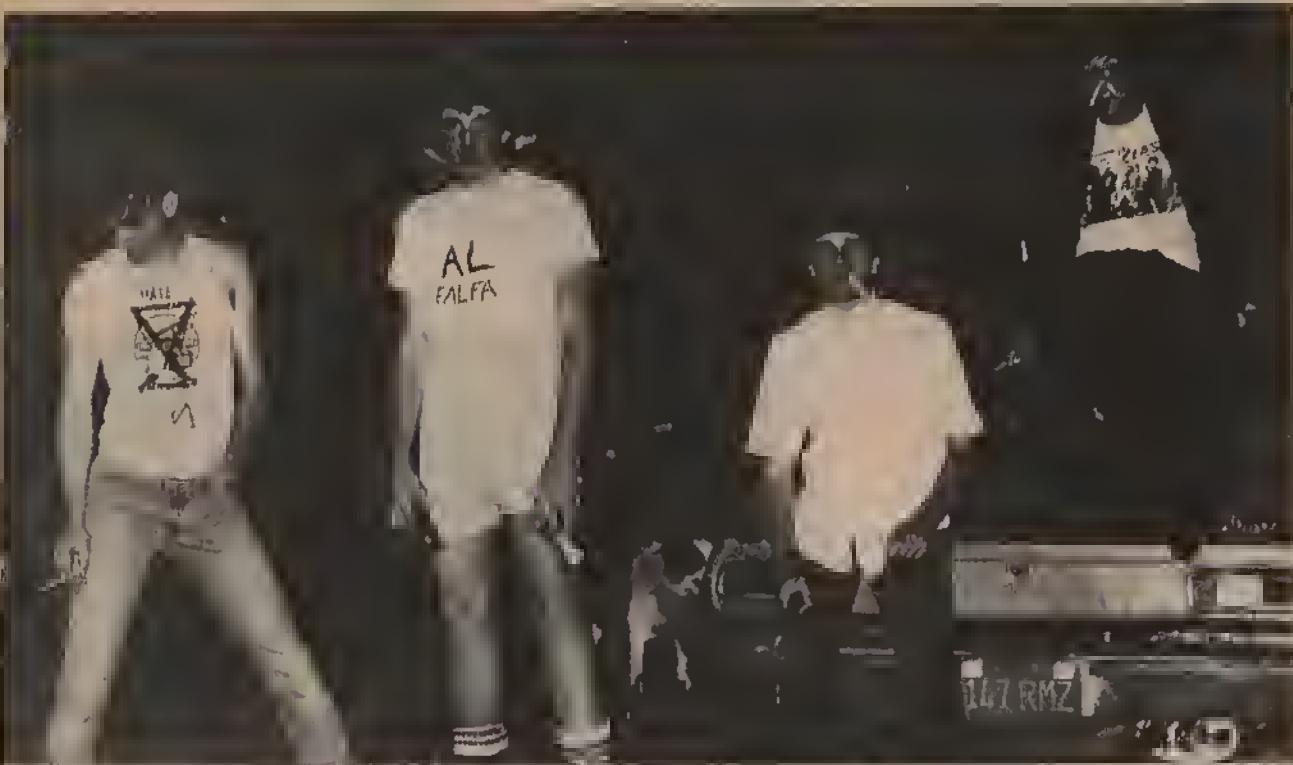
Fat, drunk and stupid
Don't care, ain't going nowhere
Fat, drunk and stupid
Don't care, ain't going nowhere

It's my life! It's my life!
It's my life! It's my life!

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TONGUE AVULSION

PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY HAMMERNESS



NIVAG RETSEVI-GUITAR AL FALFA-VOCALS BURNI NCUREN-DRUMS DR. FRANKLIN O. SWING-BASS

• P.F.-WHAT ARE YOUR MUSICAL INFLUENCES?

NIVAG-THE SOUND OF A WATERFALL.

AL-SELAB EVAD, DON HO, AND CHARLES MANSON.

BURNI-MALO, AZTECA, THE FARTZ, AND LOS OLVIDADOS.

FRANKLIN-AL FALFA, SUSAN FLUTE, JOMOMA, AND MY MOM.

• P.F.-WHAT ARE YOUR HOBBIES?

NIVAG-CONTRACTING HEPATITIS AND SURVIVING, AND PAINTING TELEPHONE POLES YELLOW.

AL-KILLING THINGS, THROWING DUNG, AND BITING PEOPLE.

BURNI-JERKING, AND WRITING ON THE SEATS ON THE BUS.

FRANKLIN-MATH, EATING, AND TRASHING ART MAJORS.

• P.F.-WHAT IS THE TRUE MEANING OF LIFE?

NIVAG-LIFE IS GREEN, LIFE IS MEAN, BUT MOST OF ALL LIFE IS OBSCENE.

AL-JOHN WAYNE'S ARMPITS HOLD THE ANSWER.

BURNI-MICROWAVE BURRITOS.

FRANKLIN-SOLVING INTEGRALS.

• P.F.-WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

NIVAG-I WAS BORN IN HIROSHIMA, JAPAN IN 1945.

AL-THE MORGUE.

BURNI-THE BARRIOS OF VILNIUS, LITHUANIA.

FRANKLIN-A BLACK HOLE BUILT IN MY BACKYARD.

• P.F.-WHAT ARE YOUR GOALS IN LIFE?

NIVAG-TO SOMEDAY POSE FOR A CHARLES ATLAS POSTER, THEN GET LOST IN A GLUE FACTORY.

AL-TO ABUSE EVERYTHING EXCEPT DRUGS.

BURNI-IN THREE YEARS OF LITTLE LEAGUE SOCCER I SCORED SEVEN GOALS AND TWENTY ASSISTS.

FRANKLIN-TO NOT END UP FACE DOWN IN THE CUTTER THIS YEAR.

• P.F.-DO YOU HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOUR ADORING FANS?

NIVAG-STAY AWAY FROM GREG'S BAR AND GRILL ON 9TH STREET THE CHILI WILL FRY YOUR BRAIN.

AL-EAT PICKLED OKRA AND BE HAPPY.

BURNI-IF YOU HAVE TITS AND LIPS MEET ME BACKSTAGE.

FRANKLIN-BUY THIS RECORD AND SEND ME MONEY.

WE'RE THE LIBYAN HIT SQUAD

WE'RE HERE TO GET JAMES WATT

WE'RE GONNA KILL RONNIE REAGAN
AND HIS WHOLE ADMINISTRATION

WE'RE THE LIBYAN HIT SQUAD

MOE KHADAFY IS OUR BOSS

WE'RE GONNA KILL RONNIE REAGAN
IT'S NOBODY'S LOSS

WE'RE HERE TO KILL

WE'RE HERE TO KILL

WE'RE HERE TO KILL

WE'RE THE LIBYAN HIT SQUAD

WE KNOW EXACTLY WHAT WE WANT

WE WANNA KILL RONNIE REAGAN
AND LAUGH WHILE WE WATCH HIM DIE

WE'RE HERE TO KILL

WE'RE HERE TO KILL

WE'RE HERE TO KILL

WE'RE THE LIBYAN HIT SQUAD

MOE KHADAFY IS OUR BOSS

WE'RE GONNA KILL RONNIE REAGAN
IT'S NOBODY'S LOSS

WE'RE HERE TO KILL

WE'RE HERE TO KILL

WE'RE HERE TO KILLLLLLL

&\$@%#!?&*#\$@**%\$+*YAI!

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY
TONGUE AVULSION.

INTERVIEW BY PIG FOOT.

MANIAK

OFF TO WAR

off to war I'm gonna die
off to war you're gonna cry
off to war in a rut
off to war kick your butt
off to war blood and gore
off to war more and more
off to war on the floor
off to war out the door

more and more and more
hup two three four
left right left right
off to war!

(Repeat as long as you want)

written by the Mitchell twins
recorded at Eric's house
July 1981 in Fresno

Gregg Mitchell
.....vocals
Rob Mitchell
.....vocals
Nick Urbina
.....guitar
Eric Dansby
.....drums



The Maniax Story...

It all started last summer, when we were bored with Fresno and tired of all the heavy-metal commercialism. With a lack of instruments, a lousy recorder, and a knowledge of current events, we formed a punk band and made songs. We sent our tapes to KPFA and got much airplay & raves. This led to cult status and a headlining gig at The Mabuhay in San Francisco, but we never thought that we'd be on a compilation album!!!

"Punk is about the only free political forum we have left, and I want to show that even 14 year-olds can act intelligent without video games ruling their lives."

"The boring, rock, mainstream society in which we live is what I hate the most! Punk is hot, I love to thrash, and my idol is Joe Strummer."

"I like to make music, the kind I want to hear and play, not the hard rock scum society has forced on us. Punk and new music is on the rise, and so are we."

"I hate it when people that haven't heard punk rock before say that it sucks. It really makes me sick!"

Special Thanks to:
Tim and the Gang, Gary, Annelie, Jello, Dale,
Eric T., Lynda, Moms & Dads, Eric Holt, Elise, Moms & Dads,
Eric Holt, bands and punkeirs, the Fresno bands and pets
all our friends

MADE POSSIBLE
BY US!

MANIAK®

"NO THERE'S NO FAN CLUB..."

FIGHT THE VICIOUS CIRCLE they've got us in. use your brain to fight those who don't have brains; the government, the moral majority, the right wing, nazis, fascists, the KKK, dumbfucks who believe everything they see and hear from the barrage of censored media shit that pounds your senses from the government. FIGHT THEM ALL. middle class right wing idiots laugh at us because we don't accept their ways and don't fit into their mold. THE LAUGHING WILL STOP. Their control is all a fucking act. Reagan, Haig, Fallwell, all act as if they are in control. NO MORE DECEPTION. False smile of contentment. THEY RUN SCARED. Scared of those who offer an alternative, or at least realize their deception. FUCK MAJORITY RULE! No one rules every bastion of middle America and its values. Their majority rule oppresses all those who don't fit into the majority. Make them realize that we need a change. They won't turn deaf ears any more. THINK! Don't take their rules for granted. They are for those who oppress us; for the government's security. FOR SHIT. Prisoners of our own future FIGHT.....



STRIKE OUT

Violence for life
Pain and strife
Has to change
Explode with rage

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
KNIVES, BOTTLES, FISTS, SHOW'EM WHO'S RIGHT

Fuck the majority
Fuck their authority
Fight their rules
They're fucking fools

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
KNIVES, BOTTLES, FISTS,
SHOW'EM WHO'S RIGHT

Paint the walls
Smash the bottles
Then they'll hear
There's war in the air

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
KNIVES, BOTTLES, FISTS,
SHOW'EM WHO'S RIGHT

THEY FEED US LIES!
Born-again christians.
Use GOD to make their telethons
The Lord's work pays, millions
is preach the sermon and what they do
and feed us LIES!

I'M CONFUSED.

SCO-CI-C
SCO-CI-C
SCO-CI-C
SCO-CI-C

NO PICTURES
NO NAMES
NO ACT

Everyone blindly following along behind the other
It doesn't matter who it is and it doesn't matter why
No one with an answer - a way to cure our ills
Capitalist. Communist, Socialist, every attempt fails!

VICIOUS CIRCLE n.

A chain of abnormal processes in which a primary disorder leads to a second which in turn aggravates the first.

TARGET: MARIN COUNTY

IN MARIN COUNTY WHERE THERE IS THIS AURA OF MELLONESS, UXB IS UNDERGROUND AT WORK UNDERMINING THE SOCIO-ECONOMIC SUBSTRUCTURE OF UPPER MIDDLE CLASS SUBURBIA. USING THE LATEST TECHNIQUES IN CLANDESTINE OPERATIONS, UXB IS SUBLIMINILY INFILTRATING THE MINDS OF MARIN'S DECADENT YOUTH. GOD WILLING, WE WILL OVERCOME.

UXB

IRA HADD... VOCALS
BOB... GUITAR. VOCALS
BRYANT BARBITUAL
BIBI GUNN... GUITAR
RICK WRECK... BASS
J.D. DRUMS

BREAKOUT

ARE YOU BLIND, CAN'T YOU SEE
WE'RE ALL PRISONERS OF SOCIETY
LOCKED IN THE SUBURBS, THERE ALL THE SAME
IN LIFE WE'RE NUMBERS, AIN'T GOT NO NAME
BREAKOUT, FIGHT THE SYSTEM
YOUR NOT ALL ALONE
BREAKOUT, LET'S STAND TOGETHER
BREAKOUT

PROPAGANDA ON YOUR T.V.
SAY WHAT YOU WANT BUT WE DON'T BELIEVE IT
FUCK YOUR RULES, YOUR CONFORMITY
WE'RE MARCHING TO AN URBAN BLITZKRIEG
WE DON'T FIGHT AMONG OURSELF
WE STAND TOGETHER AND SHARE YOUR WEALTH

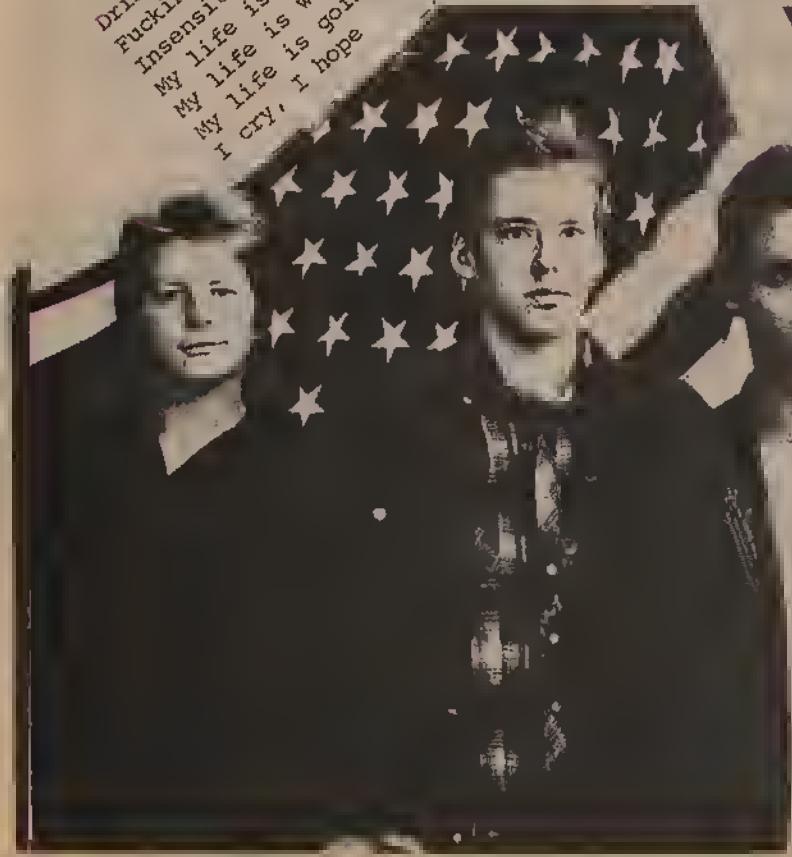
BREAKOUT, FIGHT THE SYSTEM
YOUR NOT ALL ALONE
BREAKOUT, LET'S STAND TOGETHER
BREAKOUT.....

THANKS JIM FOR THE BEAT
ENGINEERED BY KIRK SCHREIL, BIG PINK WEST

SCAPEGOATS

SHITCAN

I've got the world in my pocket
There are no pants on my ass
Bleeding wallets in the market
Another corporate joke
To turn your fears into smoke
Warriors, don't give up hope!
My life is going
My life is wasting
My life is going to the shitcan.
Utopian dreams for the masses
Children praying by their beds
Simplistic dreams for your nightmares
Express yourself if you can
Boogie till you meltdown
Drinking, arugging, rock and roll
Insensitive assholes all around me
My life is going
My life is wasting
My life is going to the shitcan
I cry, I hope



Other Atrocious Anthems

Fingers
Moral Majority
(with apologies to
you-know-who)
I Like The Street
Real Still Life
P.O.W.
Fear Factor
Sentinel
I Don't Buy The Line
Lost World
Children
Friends And Neighbors
Backstabber
Life Or Death
Bestitis
Not Cool, Not Mellow
Done My Time
Disturbed World
Freedom Fighters
Bloat Yourself
Your Love Was Like A Carton
Of Imitation Milk

Joey

Soave Loco - Guitar, Lead Vocals, Songwriter
Henry Hample - Bass, Vocals
Joey Peters - Drums (replaced by Michael Litton)

Recorded August, 1981 at Magic Sounds
Produced by the Scapegoats and Alan Goldwater
Photography by Sylvia Foley and Hilary Flash

For bookings, contact Henry Hample
(408) 429-1188
1001 Center St., Santa Cruz, CA 95060

It's cheaper than you think

Church Police

BRUCE GAUD: BASS

TIM GALLAHER: VOCAL

ERIC LUNDMARK: DRUMS

DAVE BLAKESLEE: GUITAR

There's more
to rock & roll
than we know

THE OVEN IS MY FRIEND

I TURN IT ON
580 DEGREES
THAT'S HOT ENOUGH
MY TONGUE IS READY
I OPEN THE DOOR
I'M GETTING CLOSER
THE HEAT BURNS MY EYES
TONGUE MEETS THE ELEMENT
IT'S MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP
THE OVEN IS MY PAL

MOM COMES HOME
MY FACE IS DESTROYED
SHE SENDS ME TO THE PSYCHIATRIST
BUT I DON'T LISTEN
THE OVEN IS MY FRIEND

WORDS: T. GALLAHER/E. LUNDMARK
MUSIC: CHURCH POLICE

RECORDED LIVE MARCH 24 1982
AT BAY SOUND, OAKLAND

PRODUCED BY KEVIN ARMY
ENGINEERED BY MAX TRASH
MIXED BY MAX FACTOR AND CHURCH POLICE
PHOTOS BY JOE MAMA AND YOU

© 1980 CHURCH POLICE
© 1982 MELLOW SHIT MUSIC

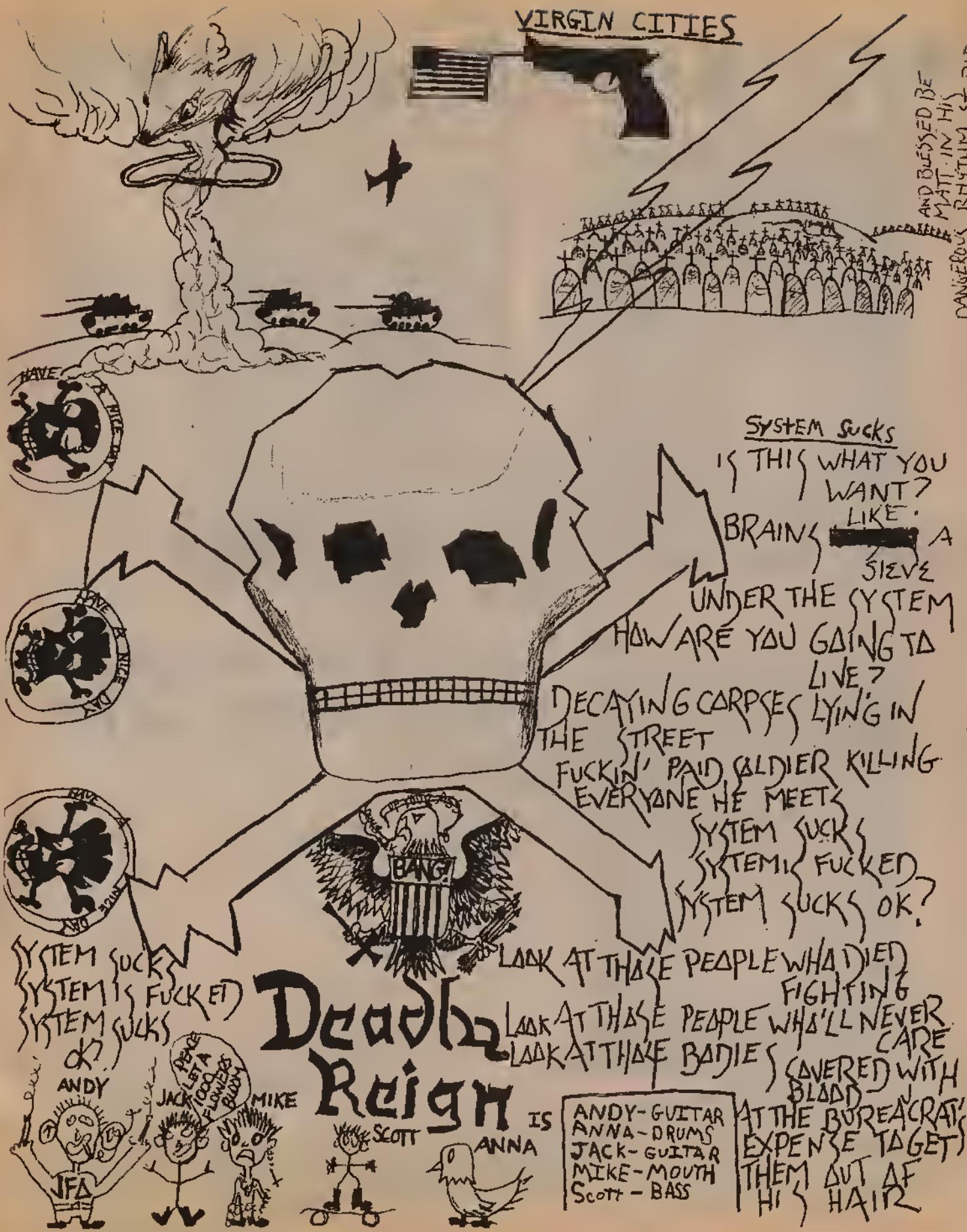
CONTACT

CHURCH POLICE
P.O. BOX 2397
PLEASANT HILL, CALIFORNIA 94523

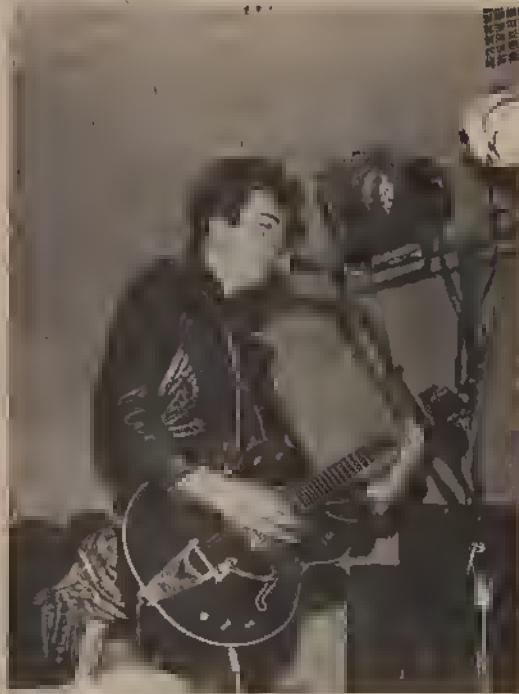
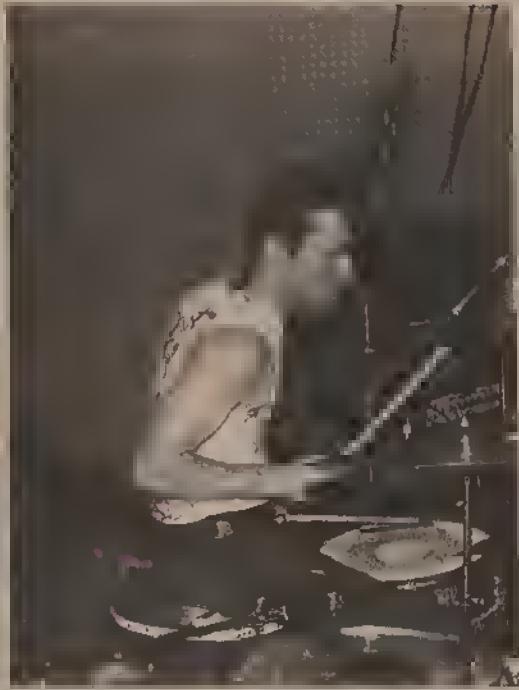
ART: BRUCE & ERIC

VIRGIN CITIES

AND BLESSED BE
MATT IN HIS
DANGEROUS RHYTHM STUDIO



NO ALTERNATIVE



DEAD MEN TELL NO LIES

*"Dead men tell no lies
in the heat of a New York night
the warzone they call home
is just another fight
Dead men tell no lies
with Johnnys' sliced up face
saw it in the obituary
it looked so out of place."*

Words & Music by John Patterson
Copyright 1981 John Patterson

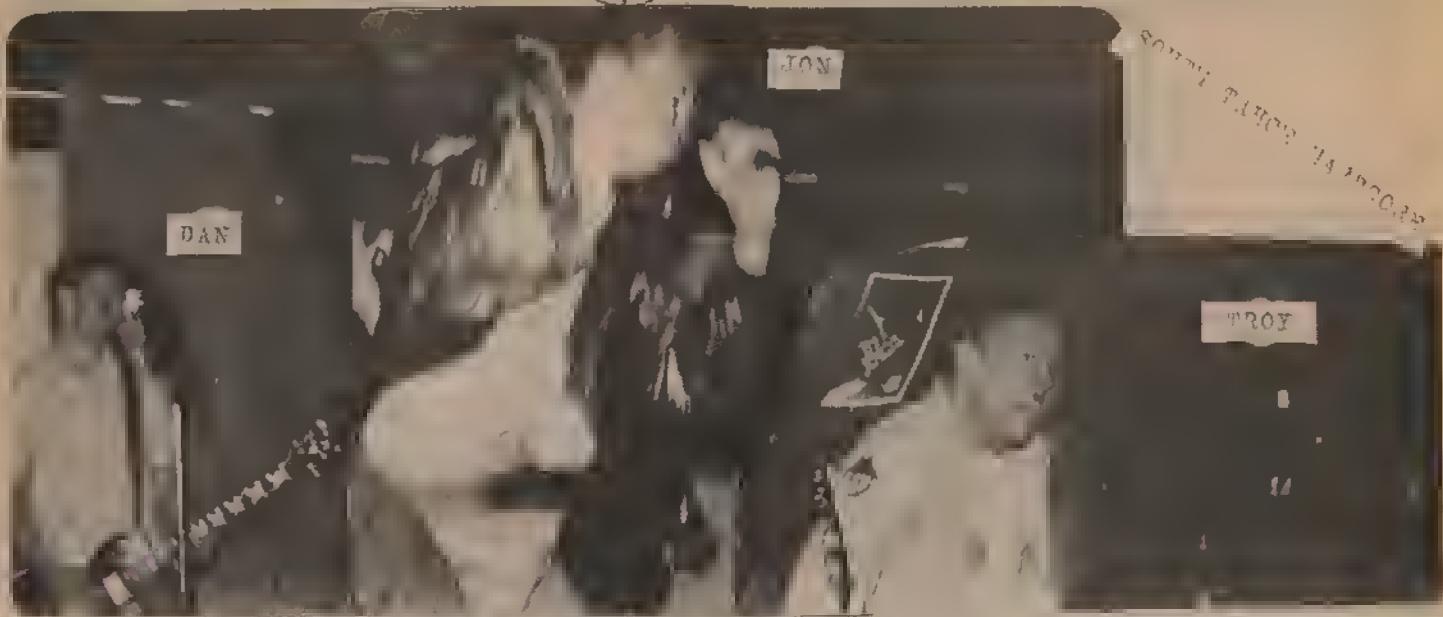
Photos: P. Denis

Design: G. Langston

Recorded at Mallon studios, S.F.

Jeff Rees - Bass & Vocals
John Patterson - Guitar & Lead Vocals
Greg Langston - Drums & Vocals

URBAN ASSAULT



S.T.T.

Don't need your last minute
Coming round in your four wheel truck
Keep your peace and I can have mine
Take your gone and I'll eat Pud'n!

(chorus)

We don't want the same old way
We don't need the same old way
There will be life and death no
Title your trouble, just like me
Put me down now, I'll be fine in
Why should you care, it's me
If I'm not like you, I could be loyal
You're trying to live in yesterday

(chorus)

Hey all you snobbish people, you must be think
That you are the ones, and then the ones like
Started moving in, and I just stared at
Their weird hair and their funny clothes
But then I felt some like to join in
They weren't trying to be like me, they were
Dyed your hair too, and I felt it, but then you
Started to lose some of it, on the pathetic
Society you worked so hard to be a part of,
Then it went away anymore, but don't worry
So, eday you will be upstanding.

(repeat verse 1)

Chorus © U.A.

RONNIE TAYLOR 73-2002-24

Dan Pozniak-Guitar
Chris Cayton-Bass
Jon Juhos-Vocals
Troy Lovett-Drums



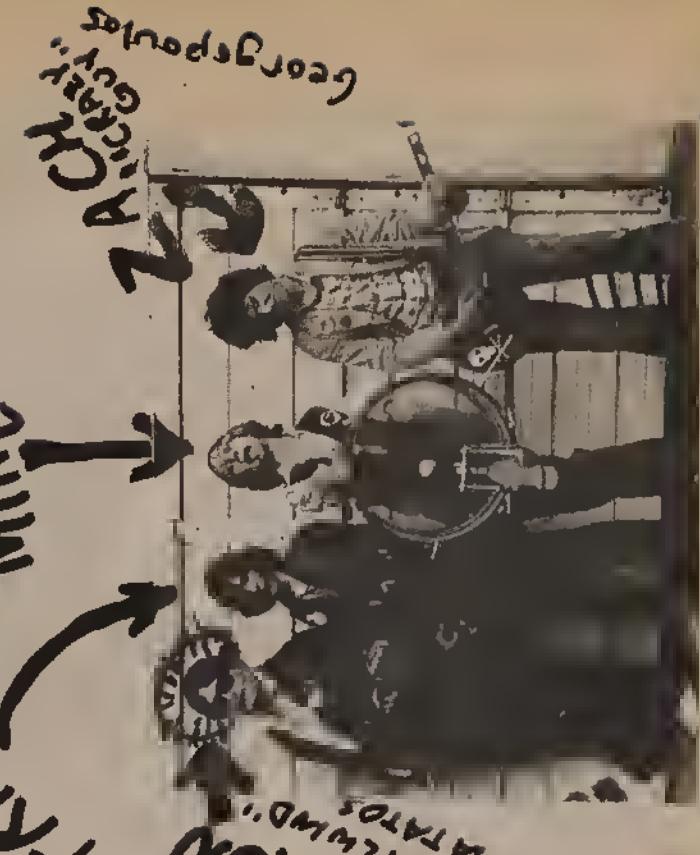
U.A. THE TIME IS NOW

NO MORE RIOTS: JIMMY's working in a factory / GREY walls windows all he
can see / DON'T complain, or not a lot / THEY MIGHT TAKE AWAY WHAT HE'S GOT /
HE wants to state his views cause he heard it on the news / TAKE A STAND
FOR WHAT YOU BELIEVE IF YOU KNOW WHAT YOU BELIEVE. NO MORE RIOTS - IF YOU
DON'T BE QUIET - NO MORE RIOTS: JOEY's still living with his family / NEEDS A
CLUTCH THOUGH HE'S 23 / CARRIES SIGNS IN PICKET LINES / DON'T UNDERSTAND BUT
AT LEAST HE'S TRYING / DON'T WANT TO HURT THEM OR DAID / WHAT HE'S DOING IS TWICE
AS BAD / SO MANY PROBLEMS TO BE SOLVED / P.T.A. SAYS GET INVOLVED.
NO RIOTS YOU DON'T COUNT. BE QUIET, SHUT YOUR MOUTH. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT.
PICK UP: GO HOME. MIMI WANTS TO BE A MILITANT / SHE'S GONNA SWIN SOME
NATIONAL FRONT / SHE DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE WANTS / SHE'S A REVOLUTIONARY DIL-
ETANTE: SHE WANTS TO SAVE THE WORLD BY BLOWING UP BUILDINGS SINGS BLO-
GANS ALL NIGHT / WEEKENDS SHE DRESSES UP. NO MORE RIOTS, NO MORE MURDERS,
NO BLACK STILETTEZ, SOMEDAY THEY'LL LEARN TO GIVE IN WITHOUT GIVING UP. NER-

THE BENT NAILS THE STORY BEHIND

THE GENT NAILS ALE AN ENORMOUS-
LY POPULAR BAND FROM SUNNY MILLBRAE,
A BEAUTIFUL SUBURB OF S.F. THEY WERE
BORED WITH SUBURBAN LIFE AND DECIDED
TO FORM A BAND. UNFORTUNATELY THEY ARE
STILL TRAPPED IN THEIR SUBURBAN PARADISE
WITH NO WAY OUT! IN THE 2 YEARS SINCE
THEY ELBOWED THEIR WAY INTO THE MUSIC
SCENE, THEY'VE TAKEN THE SUBURBS BY
STORM WITH THEIR 6 LEGENDARY SUB-
URBAN PERFORMANCES. THEIR OBSESSION
WITH THE SUBURBS IS SOMETHING AT NEUR-
ONIC.

A baseball with a logo. The logo features the words "BENT NAILS" in a stylized font above a baseball diamond graphic. Below the diamond, the text "WE PLAY ANYWHERE" is written in a bold, sans-serif font. The number "415-697-9294" is also present in the logo.



BENT NAILS

415-697-9294
"WE PLAY ANYWHERE"

FOR **AAA** INFO Americans Against Everything
244 Zion dr
Las Vegas, Nv
89107

M.I.A.

MIKE - VOCALS
NICK - GUITAR
PAUL - BASS
MOON - DRUMS

MIA: A SHORT HISTORY

MOON AND MIKE DECIDED
TO START MIA WHEN
THE REPUBLICANS HAD
THE KENNEDYS ASSASSINATED.
MEANWHILE, NICK WAS IN
UTAH ENJOYING THE
SPECTACULAR NUCLEAR
TESTING & FIRSTHAND WHILE
PAUL WAS A METERPERSON IN
SUNNY NEWPORT BEACH STEALIN'
LARGE SUMS OF MONEY
FROM UNSUSPECTING MOTORISTS.
EVENTUALLY THEY

ALL GOT TOGETHER IN
BEAUTIFUL LAS VEGAS,
THE ENTERTAINMENT
CAPITAL OF THE WORLD,
PLAYING "I HATE HIPPIES
TO SMALL CROWDS OF
HIPPIES.